

The Oregon Statesman

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"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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The Dwindling CCC

THE Bend Bulletin brings up the matter of the vacant CCC camps. Seeking to account for it the Bulletin reports one explanation, that "Young men who are eligible for the civilian conservation corps are failing to take advantage of their opportunity because the families will be supported on relief whether they join up or not." Since their families are to be provided for the youth feel no obligation to work. The Bulletin concludes:

"If the condition results from increased employment such as may be expected under better business conditions there can be no complaint except, of course, about the deception. If it arises out of government-fostered dependence and the lack of initiative and energy it is time something were done."

Why should anything be done? Surely the Bulletin would have the government discontinue work relief merely to fill up the CCC barracks to provide relief for youth.

We have a feeling the boys aren't enrolling in the CCC camps because they do not want to. They can get by in the city now and see the movies and bright lights. So why snuggle up to a crosscut saw and a mattock?

The Yakima Republic doesn't think much of CCC anyway. Answering a defense of the post-graduate boy scouts by the Puyallup Tribune, the Republic says:

"The truth about CCC is that it is one of the most wanton outrages Roosevelt has perpetrated against the taxpayers. For all the hundreds of millions it has cost up to date there has been virtually no return, and it is essentially such a scandalous fool thing that even the man on relief won't fall for it any more. Notwithstanding that the age limit has been raised and rigorous efforts made to get recruits, almost nobody wants to join and almost nobody re-enlists. Over at Vantage bridge is a brand new CCC camp that was to have been filled by July 1, and not even a beaver dog yet has shown up, though the call was for 300,000 more men. That shows what kind of a swath CCC is cutting."

We imagine when the blow is over the CCC will be remembered about like the SATC of war times.

Favor Pay-as-We-Build Plan

A POLL taken of the membership of the Oregon Business and Investors, Inc., organization shows 376 to 156 in favor of paying for the new capitol by direct appropriation, following the method first suggested by The Statesman and recommended by Treasurer Holman. The poll was taken by F. H. Young, executive secretary. As this group consists of the business and investing class its approval of the plan may be regarded as of great importance.

Some expression of opinion among the members is reported to the effect that the estimated \$3,500,000 may not be adequate, and if not then a bond issue might be justified to give the state a suitable building.

Some folk just faint when it is suggested that the state acquire a few more acres of ground for a proper capitol site at a cost of several hundred thousand dollars. But the cost for the under way crossing near the Valley Packing plant is estimated at \$305,000. The state didn't gag at all on spending five million dollars for the coast bridges; and it doesn't hesitate to go ahead with the seashore speedways, Wilson river and Wolf creek routes, which will cost into the tens of millions when completed. We need just a little better sense of relativity in our spending. If it is worth half a million dollars to chip off the face of a bluff somewhere in order to cut down time, it ought not to be considered extravagance to provide a decent setting for Oregon's new capitol. We need stretchers in our skulls as well as our purses.

Salem's Water

LEW WALLACE, who served as representative in the legislature from Multnomah county, has discovered that Salem ought to furnish "pure and adequate water supply" for the state institutions. Our water is pure, and the supply is adequate. The city has just now acquired the plant after a five-year battle precisely to be able to improve the quality of Salem water. The institutions, however, will probably continue to serve themselves from wells because of the saving in cost. Mr. Wallace also complains that water from Mill creek is used for irrigating purposes and was used in fighting the capitol fire. The state, for reasons of economy, has used Mill creek water for irrigating for years, and doubtless will continue to do so; and the creek water is better for irrigating than city chlorinated water.

Salem does have an obligation for providing a good water system not only for the citizens and for the state institutions if they desire it, but for fire-fighting purposes. We are setting out to provide this system; and eventually we shall have it. Mr. Wallace's complaint is rather belated in view of the steps now being taken.

The degree of disparity in earnings returns for farmers is given by the Pathfinder, a newsy little sheet published in Washington. It computes the water return of the farmer at 20c per hour; of the farmhand at 25c per hour; of workers in processing lines 40c per hour; workers in distribution lines 50c per hour; and the average of skilled labor in unions 75c per hour. Scales for urban labor were hiked during the war and have not come down to anywhere near the old level. Since labor is the chief element of cost, prices of fabricated goods have remained high while prices of raw products like farm products have buckled. But the politicians will never suggest as one method of farm relief an equalization of wage scales in the economic groups.

The La Grande Observer observes that our schools are coming through nicely without the aid of a sales tax. They are, but some of the real property owners are not. The sales tax was not a supplemental tax, but a lien tax proposed in an effort to rescue the tax-bogged property owner. The Observer should look at the delinquent tax rolls as well as the school warrant totals.

Somewhat we do not entice much over this Gov. Eugene Talmadge of Georgia who is shooting darts at Georgia's adopted citizen who is in the White House. The Georgian looks too much like a southern camp-meeting revivalist to be very convincing.

If Mr. Bohn builds a big aluminum plant near Bonneville and takes the juice for which there is no present market it will not be many years before some one will run for office on a platform of stopping the subsidy of cheap power to big business.

Looking at a picture of the German baroness who was Prince Midvinter's companion on his death-bed, one could understand why the prince might run out of gas but not why he would turn the car over in speeding.

Hee-haw. When Mayor Kuhn wanted someone to match him on the donkey ball game he thought right away of Sips. Kindhearted friends should be sure to see that Sips' donkey is labeled.

Mrs. Nellie Ross, who is director of the mint, is quoted as saying that to her money is just like coal. That's the way many other people look at money—just something to burn.

The fool who suggested a whispering campaign against the president is out of a job. Nobody can accuse the president of being illiterate, anyway. He certainly knows his ABC's.

A headline says: "Ethiopian and Italian heads both on alert." The important thing for the individuals is that their heads remain "both on."

If Hopson does testify before the senate committee it will likely be by "Hopson's choice."

Looking at the expense bill we are glad the city doesn't contemplate buying another water plant.

Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

THAT MISERABLE pest, the common house-fly, has annoyed mankind ever since history began. It is busy in the summer months and is one of the evil companions of warm weather.

In reality it is a nuisance where flies are in evidence of poor sanitation. The fly is disliked for its buzzing and the physical annoyance of its presence. Barely are we reminded that this insect is a serious menace to health. We are familiar with some of the dangers of flies.

Dr. Copeland
but too often are careless about them. We are too apt to tolerate these insects which carry the germs of disease on their feet and bodies and deposit them on our food.

Twice as many babies die in houses where flies are numerous as in those where they are carefully excluded by screens. I cannot overstate the real menace of this household pest.

Propagate Fast

Since flies breed rapidly, are very active and quickly disappear from sight when disturbed, it is often difficult to exterminate them completely. Each female fly lays about one hundred and twenty eggs at one time and it takes only ten days for a full grown fly to develop from an egg.

Every effort must be made to prevent their breeding. This is best accomplished by the frequent and regular removal of wet paper, garbage and other decaying substances. Of course, it is not possible to kill all the flies and for this reason we must guard against them by protecting beverages and foods that may be contaminated if exposed. Baby carriages should be covered by a netting and baby's food guarded carefully from contamination.

During the summer months particularly it is important that the home be kept clean, neat, and free from exposed foods that attract flies. Waste materials should be placed in a covered can and it is a good plan to cleanse the can frequently.

Use Poison Bait

Where flies collect, it is advisable to use a poison bait. This is best made by mixing one pound of sodium arsenate, two gallons of molasses and ten gallons of water. This concoction may be sprayed on walls and used in cellars and receptacles where flies gather.

During the summer months when visits to the country are frequent, avoid those places where flies abound. Bear in mind that when flies swarm about it is an indication of filth and possible health hazard in the immediate neighborhood. Avoid purchasing foodstuffs in places where precautions are not taken to guard against this innocent-looking but germ-laden insect.

Perishable foods should be kept in a refrigerator and all exposed food adequately screened from flies and dirt. It is in those communities where no attempt is made to guard against the fly that summer diseases are encountered and the health of the child as well as the adult is endangered.

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Twenty Years Ago

August 7, 1915
Seven convicts were severely injured and many others bruised in a collision between a truck of prisoners and an S. P. yard engine at Capitol and Union streets.

A delegation of Hubbard business men conferred with the county court yesterday about laying a road north from Hubbard.

A fashion item says that the waist line is back in style and that hips and shoulders will be worn in the fall.

Ten Years Ago

August 7, 1925
The 1925 peppermint crop of the Salem district has been sold to D. J. Fry for \$11.05 per pound, a new high price.

The first step toward obtaining an adequate supply of mountain water for Salem will be taken at an open meeting in the chamber of commerce Monday.

High officials of the Ku Klux Klan were tonight in Washington, D. C., attending in preparation for their demonstration of many thousand marching members tomorrow.

Mehama Residents Anticipate Action on Road Petitions

MEHAMA, Aug. 6.—Mehama people are pleased to learn that the road petition which was circulated around recently is now on file in the County Clerk's office and may come under the WPA work this winter. The petition asked to have the hill above town on the Fern Ridge road widened. It is a narrow road and also has two blind curves on it. There has been property damage already resulting from accidents on this hill, but as yet no one has been hurt.

Absentee Councilmen Give Mayor Big Job

SILVERTON, Aug. 6.—Because of a shortage of councilmen Monday night, the regular meeting had to be postponed until August 12. Mayor E. W. Garver, Recorder George Custer, three newspaper reporters and a scattering of councilmen were present, but the quorum was lacking. Not even bills were allowed, and Recorder Custer admitted he would likely be busy this week explaining why checks had not been made out.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Aurora death harks memories back to the colony's active years.

Mrs. George Miller, passing at Aurora on the last day of last month, was born in the colony which founded that town and community, when the founding colony was but 10 years old.

The Aurora Observer, the local newspaper there, carried the announcement in the paragraphs that follow:

"Mrs. Emily Miller, widow of the late George Miller, died at the home of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Askin, in Aurora, Wednesday evening, July 31, 1935, after a lingering illness. Mrs. Miller had been failing in health for some time.

"Mrs. Miller, a daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Andrew Gleason, was born in Hebron, Missouri, March 26, 1854. Her father, a minister in the old Aurora colony, of which Mrs. Miller had been a member, was born in Pennsylvania of Swiss parentage, and her mother in Hesse-Darmstadt, Germany.

"Mrs. Miller leaves, besides her daughter, four sons, James A. Miller of San Francisco, Alvin W. Miller and Andrew G. Miller of Portland, Oregon; and three grandsons, Charles Andrew Miller and James Albert Miller of Portland, and Dale Meredith Miller of Prescott; also a sister, Catherine A. Gleason, and a brother, Andrew H. Gleason, who reside in Portland, and many relatives and friends to mourn her death.

"Funeral services will be held Saturday, August 3, 1935, at two o'clock in the afternoon, at the Miller chapel in Aurora. Reverend Willard H. Pope of Calvary Tabernacle of Portland officiating. She will be laid at rest in Aurora cemetery."

A long funeral procession followed the body to the pioneer cemetery of the community, which was opened for a woman, victim of smallpox on Nov. 3, 1823. The same service started the other God's acre at Aurora, of the Kell family, the same month, Nov. 22, 1823.

The above first named two grandsons are sons of Andrew G. Miller, and Dale Meredith is the son of George W. Miller.

George Miller, husband of the deceased, was for a generation agent of the Southern Pacific railroad at Aurora, and had, not long before his death, been given an honorable place on the retired list. During the first score or more of years in that service, Aurora was an important place on that line, being, among other things, a point of stoppage of trains for meals—the most popular by far on the line.

James A. Miller, first named of the sons, was for 25 continuous years an officer or a member of the California legislature. He held most of the important clerkships in both the senate and the lower house, and for the last 10 years, ending the first day of the present year, he represented in the lower house of that body the metropolitan district of San Francisco—the one which contains some 2000 hotels and apartment houses.

FATHER SULLIVAN INSTALLED PASTOR

SILVERTON, Aug. 6.—Father Arthur Sullivan of Portland was installed on Sunday afternoon at St. Paul's Catholic church at Silverton. A Hilderbrand, V. G., of Oregon City, presided over the ceremony. He was assisted by a number of visiting clergy.

This was said to be the first time in the history of the archdiocese that the public installation ceremonies were carried out. Heretofore the most revered archbishop has granted dispensation from the public ceremony. Visiting priests at the installation included Rev. Joseph Scherbing of Stayton, Rev. F. H. Scherbing of Sublimity, Rev. John Bernard, Rev. John Larkin, Rev. Michael Fleming, Rev. Joseph Vandenberg, Rev. John Benger, Rev. Francis Schaefer and Rev. John Reedy.

Approximately 150 members and friends of the congregation attended the evening reception given for Rev. Sullivan. Herbert Michaelbrook was master of ceremonies and the program given included a piano number by Marieanne McCullough; address of welcome by Dr. L. V. Smith; vocal solo, Mrs. Ben Zollner; recital by her daughter, Lorraine at the piano and another daughter, Dorothy, on the saxophone; welcome from the school by Alice Gander; response by Father Sullivan; violin solo, Rita DeRyke with Margaret DeRyke at the piano.

Theo Harrison is Given \$100 Fine, Jail Jolt by Court

WOODBURN, Aug. 6.—Bert Broyles, who was arrested Saturday night on the charge of disorderly conduct, appeared in justice court Monday morning. He waived preliminary hearing and was bound over to the grand jury. Theo. Harrison also appeared before Judge Overton Monday morning after having been arrested on the charge of driving a motor vehicle on the public highway while intoxicated. He pleaded guilty and was given a fine of \$100, a sentence of 6 months in the county jail and his driver's license was revoked for the period of one year.

For the Season of 1935, he was one of the two representatives of the city and county of San Francisco, regularly chosen to look after the interests of that metropolitan district before the legislature and the departments of the state government.

He was held closely by his duties there until the 15th of June, when he was able to get away to be at the bedside of his mother.

James A. Miller worked his way through Stanford university, getting his B. A. degree in 1915, and his law degree in 1917.

During the World War he entered the service at San Francisco as a private of the first class in the aviation branch; was graduated a second lieutenant in the air service of the U. S. army at Atlanta in May, 1918, and was assigned to duty at Kelly Field, Texas, where he spent time under various assignments.

All four of the Miller sons were in army service in the World War—and all volunteers. "Al" (Alvin W.) was a sergeant in the 162nd U. S. Infantry (Oregon National Guard). George W. and Andrew G. were in the base hospital in France, at Bazolles sur Meuse, Vosges section. George W. is now with the Clark & Watson Lumber company at Prescott.

Rev. Andrew Gleason, the father of Mrs. Geo. W. Miller and her brother and sister and grandfather of her daughter and four sons, was one of the 10 sons and four daughters of the original Andrew Gleason in America, at whose home was originated the colony that built the towns and communities of Bethel, Missouri, and Aurora, Oregon.

He was one of the four of the 10 sons who became a preacher and missionary of the faith established by Dr. Kell.

After Dr. Kell came west in 1825 to develop the branch of the colony on this coast, this one of the four preacher brothers, Dr. Andrew Gleason, took his place as preacher, teacher and leader in Missouri. He thus for some years had a larger charge numerically than the original leader had, for more people were left in Missouri than had gone to Oregon, and this lasted to at least 1863.

By the end of July, 1876, however, Rev. Andrew Gleason, with all his children, had arrived in Aurora.

On the last day but one of the next year, however, Dr. Kell died; that is, on December 30, 1877, and the day following the New Year, or January 2, 1878, Rev. Andrew Gleason preached at the grave site the saddest and most touching funeral ever held in the Aurora community, and thereafter carried on in the place of the dead leader in conducting religious services for some time; more or less until after the final dissolution of the colony, the date of which was August 1, 1881.

In at least two respects, that was the most momentous event in the history of its kind ever organized. First, it accumulated more wealth from a smaller start within a given time. Second, it came nearer utterly banishing selfishness and self seeking from the hearts of its members.

Those present were: Mrs. Jennette McCowan of Long Beach, Calif.; Mr. and Mrs. M. O. Reed, Mrs. E. E. Hickox, Mr. and Mrs. Owen E. E. Hickox, Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Wallack, Jack Wallack, Mrs. Blair, Cleo and Leonard Blair, William Puffer, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Thompson, all of Portland; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Morley, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Morley, Joseph Morley of Silverton; Mrs. Ray Teller, Janet Teller of Mt. Angel; Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Shepherd, R. F. Shepherd, Carl Shepherd, Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd, Mrs. Marie and Ronald Shepherd, Charles and Henry Wade, Mrs. Lena Bellinger, Mrs. Grace Duggan, Mrs. Bert and Paul Shepherd and Mrs. Frank Horsfall and two sons, Frank and John, of Seattle, are visiting Joe Dale and family, Martin and Alfred Dale. Mrs. Horsfall is a niece of the Dale. Mr. Horsfall plays in the Seattle Symphony band, which is now playing at the San Diego fair.

SILVERTON, Aug. 6.—Descendants of the Jeremiah Jack family, pioneers of 1847, elected W. S. Jack of Silverton president of the clan at its 15th annual reunion held Sunday at the old Jack donation land claim on Butte Creek. Mrs. Jack took home three prizes. W. S. Jack of Delake was the retiring officer. Other officers elected Sunday are J. L. Jack of Woodburn, vice-president; Mrs. Jewell Blackburn, secretary-treasurer. W. S. Jack gave a short talk on pioneer days, particularly stressing pioneer school days. More than 40 members of the clan were present. Among those who attended for the first time were Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Westbrook of the Albany hotel, Albany, and Mr. and Mrs. W. Ragan of Aurora.

Silverton Man is President of Jack Group of Kinsmen

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Again—The Voice of the Peepul



"THE SNOW LEOPARD"

By Chris Hawthorne

CHAPTER XXIV

"One-Armed" Toole fanned himself with his derby. "You told Jeff Whipple that he was a half-breed of some kind," he said. "Well, Jeff fits into this dish like a poached egg on a sizzling hash. My dogs is that he came to New York with a gang of assassins to murder Sire and get possession of the documents."

"You've hit it, Toole! And Brenda was to have posed as the queen in Karen Sire's place. Ye gods, what a grandiose scheme! It takes the curse of sordid murder, robbery and blackmail off the so-called Whipple Syndicate. Yet the yellow streak—"

He stopped abruptly. Toole was staring at him with pity in his eyes. The look gave him an apprehensive start. "What is it?" he asked with a sudden chill. The detective had turned his eyes away. "Something struck at Bannister's heart; a cold hand seemed to grip his throat. Karen Sire's secret began to see it written in letters of flame before his eyes. It was in his own words—the words he had said so contemptuously at Jeff Whipple's trial."

"Bannister could see the words framed on his friend's lips, although they remained unuttered. "What are you holding out on me?" he demanded roughly. "Tell me what's in your mind."

Toole yielded. "There's only one thing that would tie Sire's hands and put a gag in his mouth. There's only one reason that would make the girl run away from him and from you. She can't bear to let you know why her dad is shielding Jeff Whipple. To be plain about it, I think there's a family reason—Whipple, gallow as he is, may be a blood relative!"

He felt it coming. Out of the dark a grinning specter rose to mock his hopes. Karen Sire, who had hurriedly dismissed her mother's name in their brief talks, was not a white girl. She knew it. All her pride, her beauty, charm and brilliance could not efface the truth. Nor could her father's wealth and power efface it.

Damon fancies danced before Dale's eyes. The assassin of the Prince; Whipple, the devil himself in a dress suit; Brenda, a ghoul-like siren; a snow-leopard—symbol of cold, malignant cruelty—all entwined in a mad dance of triumph around the hapless figure of the girl he loved.

"Toole," he cried. The detective gripped his arm. Bannister pulled himself together. A feeling came over him that he had been deceived. Karen by being swept off his feet. If the leopard robe and the documents had been in the Sire family for centuries, was it not possible that the connection with Mongolia, if it existed at all, was concealed by ruse? Worse mockery of all he himself was a descendant of Moenchtas and proud of it, as well he might be!

But another fear began to assail him. The murderer, Prince Jure Bai, presumably had entered and left the Sire apartment without having been seen by a living soul. He—or was she?—was still at large. Who was that phantom? Was it really Whipple's valet?

The Thessalonian had left the broad Atlantic behind her and was only a few hours' run from Gibraltar before Karen Sire could draw Captain Anderson into another conversation. To avoid her he had been taking his meals in his cabin. Once he actually had ordered her out of the chart room, which she had followed him with a persistent request that she be allowed to dine with Geoffrey Whipple. But the sight of land seemed to throw him out a little; she found him at the dining table in his place.

Anderson started the talk himself. "Whatever else may be said of that fellow Whipple," he remarked, "no one can accuse him of being a piker. He offered my first officer a thousand dollars if he would arrange a meeting with you for only ten minutes. Clark turned him down, of course, and Whipple raised the ante to five thousand. He's got ten times that sum in the purses' safe."

Karen raised one eyebrow and dropped the other—one of her little mannerisms. "How much does Mr. Clark want—ten thousand?" she asked. "I'd give the other five thousand myself for the privilege of talking to Mr. Whipple."

"Yes, I suppose you would," Anderson replied, "and that's the very reason Whipple is not going to see you. Neither of you have told me this little palaver is so important. Incidentally, that valet of his has been in the brig ever since I heard that he approached you on the deck. Whipple is going to be placed there, too, before we reach Gibraltar. I'm not taking any chances with either of those birds while we're in port or near it."

Karen asked him why Whipple's valet was wearing his arm in a sling. "He's been shot through the hand," Anderson answered. "He refused to let our doctor examine the wound, but just after he approached you on deck, Clark went to his quarters and searched him. What do you think he found?"

"A jeweled clasp and griddle!" Karen hazarded. "No. He found a note from Whipple addressed to you concealed in the handbag. I've confiscated it."

"You must give me that note!" "I'll give it to the British authorities at Alexandria after they lock Whipple up. Anyway, it was only another attempt to arrange a talk with you."

"Did the valet tell Mr. Clark who shot him?" "No. But Whipple told us a hotel thief did it."

"He mentioned a Mr. Toole or a Mr. Bannister?" "No, he didn't. But some crazy palooka aboard the Albanian named Toole has been pestering me over the wireless about you and Whipple. I'm giving him the silent treatment."

Captain Anderson seemed to feel that he had told Miss Sire about all that he could without overstepping discretion. She failed to get any answer out of him. "So the girl to Gibraltar continued. A stay of twelve hours was made in that port, with Whipple, his valet and the three Greek deportees kept in gloom-confinement for the period. Clark reported them as raging over the delay."

"Just to make them feel good," he laughed, when he next encountered Karen, "I told them that we're going to run in at Tripoli and take on more freight. That would mean a detour and a long stop. Wasn't true, of course. We have only one call before reaching Alexandria—that's outside Athens to put off our departure. What do you think Whipple did about it? He suggested in some way to get the wireless operator to come down to the brig and offered him a thousand dollars to report a fake message that these were a plague at Tripoli and that we'd be quarantined if we made that port. The wireless man promised, took the money and turned it over to me."

Clark paused to chuckle. "Whipple saved a day that we never intended to lose," he prattled on. "Captain Anderson is going to keep that money for the Seamen's Fund. Wonder why Whipple is in such a hurry?"

Whether suspicious Karen may have entertained on this subject were not imparted to Clark. Still they filled her with unpleasant forebodings.

The Thessalonian had passed the pillars of Hercules, outer gateway to the Near East, and was gliding along the shore of Asia. Hours sped away. Through the softened air of a Spanish summer night, passengers lounged at the rail and looked out upon a scene of repose. Harmonies of mandolins and bits of song floated up from the decks below.

Suddenly, without any warning, the placid air was split with a shriek—another—and still another. It was as though three lost souls had tattered over the brink of eternity. The sounds had come from the lower deck aft where Whipple and his man, together with the deportees, were quartered.

Karen was in the crowd that scrambled below. They found Clark, the first officer, flanked by a few seamen and a half dozen stewards in the large improvised brig. A sea-door had been left open for air and a heavy wooden lattice that replaced it had been wrenched away. In a patch of moonlight lay a litter of clothing—costly, gay and sleek. Geoffrey Whipple, calmly puffing a cigar, was leaning against a stanchion, his valet crouching near him. The Thessalonian had stopped and was already moving astern.

"Fool!" yelled Clark. "they've gone overboard—the three of 'em. We're ten miles off shore and they'll never be able to swim it. Three"

less 'reds' in the world, anyway." The shadow of a boat swung past the open port. A splash, a crackling of oars—a rescue crew was circling the water.

Whipple's little brown valet turned to Clark with an evil smile. "They get away, eh?" he asked. "No like police back home, maybe. Jump over all together. Mr. Whipple, he try stop 'em."

Whipple picked Karen out of the white-faced crowd. He turned his gaze upon her, his eyes sharp as steel. "I thought the name of the murdered Prince," she said.

Karen drew her gaze away from him, conscious of a powerful will at work against her own. "I thought the name of the murdered Prince," she said.

Karen was the first to wrench herself away from the forbidding scene. The others were soon above decks and hanging over the rails, gazing at the desperate doings in a half hour it returned, with its crew only.

It was generally surmised that the distant shoreline, at times dimly visible in the moonlight, had tempted the desperate deportees to their own destruction. The Thessalonian shifted her course seaward, there was no further need for a call at the Greek port.

At home later Karen was seated with Anderson and Clark in the Captain's cabin. The two men were trying to find out why the girl had been so anxious to have a talk with Geoffrey Whipple. Her answers were not very satisfactory. "Come, come, Miss Sire," Captain Anderson said finally, "you had some special reason for wishing to meet the Albanian in Alexandria, didn't you?"

"I would have suited me," she replied. "Was it you who smuggled the message to our wireless operator to get him to go down to the brig to talk with Whipple?"

"Yes, but I didn't accuse me of that, did I?" "I'm asking the questions—did you?"

"I did not. I knew that the Thessalonian was to call at Tripoli, so if I had been working with Mr. Whipple the bribery of the operator wouldn't have been necessary. Please believe me, Captain, I have and no communication, directly or indirectly, with Mr. Whipple since boarding this ship. I swear, of course, that I wanted to talk with him."

Anderson shoved back his chair. "Accept